ECLIPSE COMICS™
MARAUDING MALLARD OF VENGEANCE!
$1.50 in USA
4
$1.75 in Canada
DESTROYER DUCK™
PLUS-
THE STARLING™

"WHY MOPE AROUND LIKE AN OL' WET MOP? YOU CAN HAVE FUN THAT'LL NEVER STOP! SPREAD NICENESS AROUND IN A BIG FAT GLOP! AND YOU'LL HAVE *FRIENDSHIP WITH ICING ON TOP!*

"IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD, YOU CAN NEVER FLOP WHEREVER YOU GO, WHEREVER YOU STOP! JUST SMILE AS SWEET AS A LOLLIPOP AND YOU'LL FIND *FRIENDSHIP WITH ICING ON TOP!*

"PEOPLE ARE THE SAME FROM BOTTOM TO TOP, RICH MAN, POOR MAN, PRESIDENT, COP! THEY ALL NEED LOVE--*LOTS 'N LOTS!* SO GIVE 'EM *FRIENDSHIP WITH ICING ON TOP!*"

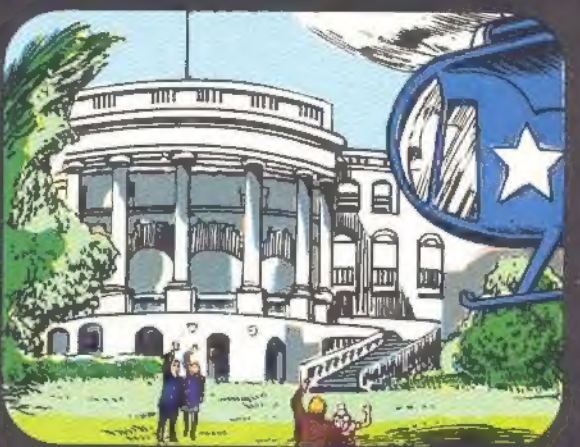
"WHY, VANILLA CUPCAKE, THAT WAS A *SWELL* SONG!"

"*GOLLY WOGS*, MR. PRESIDENT! THANK YOU SO *VERY* MUCH! I *LOVE* YOU!!"

"AH...THEY'RE WATCHING US COAST-TO-COAST, SWEETHEART!"

"*MR. PACKER*, THANK YOU FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO MEET THIS LITTLE LADY."

ON BEHALF OF *GODCORP*, THANK *YOU*, MR. PRESIDENT- FOR ALLOWING VANILLA CUPCAKE™ TO TAKE HER MESSAGE OF FRIENDSHIP TO STRIFE-TORN *HOQOOM*."

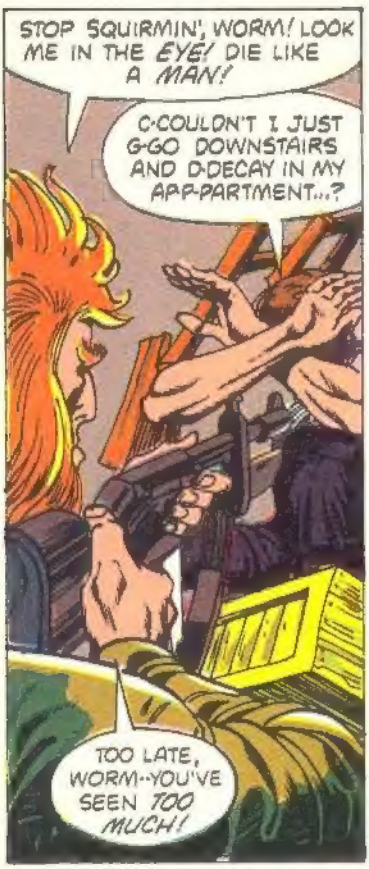


"WELL, GODCORP AND VANILLA CUPCAKE ARE WHAT THIS NATION *STANDS* FOR, MR PACKER. I HOPE YOU'LL COMMUNICATE THAT TO THE PEOPLE OF THE MIDDLE EAST."

"G'BYE, MR. PRESIDENT! HERE COMES OUR HELI-COPTER! *CUPCAKEY KEEN!*

SPINELESS
AS MEAD PACKER AND HIS CHARMING, VULNERABLE LICENSING BONANZA DEPART FOR DULLES AIRPORT AND THEIR FLIGHT TO HOQOOM...
BRAAP!!
SPONNGG!!
MEAD PACKER

WONDERS
...FOUR OTHER GODCORP EMPLOYEES, ALL NAMED COGBURN, INVADE THE MANHATTAN APPARTMENT OF VANILLA CUPCAKE'S SISTER-CHERRIES JUBILEE!
DUKE! BRAD! SHATTER THEIR KNEECAPS, SHOOT OFF THEIR HANDS, IMMOBILIZE THEM-!!
--BUT DON'T TRY TO KILL THEM!
KRAK!
KRAK!
BAM!!
STEVE GERBER Writer & JACK KIRBY Artist CREATED BY
ALFREDO ALCALA Inker KEN BRUZENAK Letterer MEG McLAUGHLIN Colorists
WOBLINA STRANGELEGS
IF YOU SAY SO, LADY-- BUT THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY PLEADIN' FOR MERCY...!


STOP SQUIRMIN', WORM! LOOK ME IN THE EYE! DIE LIKE A MAN!
C-COULDN'T I JUST G-GO DOWNSTAIRS AND D-DECAY IN MY APP-PARTMENT...?
TOO LATE, WORM--YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!

THAT'S A CLICHÉ, COGBURN--
--BUT THEN, WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A WALKING REDUNDANCY?
LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING ORIGINAL--ONE OF MY CHERRY BOMBS!

DIE LIKE A DESSERT, COGBURN--
FLAMBÉE!

THE LITTLE RED INCENDIARY DEVICE FINDS ITS MARK AND--
KABOOM
AAARRGH
-ngggph-
WOW...!

WHAT'S WITH THE SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART, RED? I THOUGHT WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO KILL EM!
RIGHT! NEVER KILL A COGBURN...
...UNLESS ALL YOU'RE PLANNING TO LEAVE BEHIND IS ASHES!

OUTSIDE...
ASHES.
YES, BRAD. OTHERWISE, THEY BEGIN REBIRTHING.
REBIRTHING.
YES, BRAD. THEY BECOME PREGNANT WITH...THEMSELVES.
TAXI!
WHERE TO?
J.F.K.--THE AIR PARONGUS HANGAR!
PARONGUS.
YES, BRAD!!
INCIDENTALLY, HOW'RE WE GONNA PAY FOR THE RIDE--LET ALONE A PLANE FLIGHT?
PARONGUS.
LEAVE IT TO MY PHEROMONES. BY THE TIME WE ARRIVE, THE DRIVER WILL DO ANYTHING FOR ME
I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT. NOW, WHAT'S THE SCOOP ON THESE COGBURN CREEPS?
THEY'RE GODCORP COMPANY MEN--BORN AND BRED IN THE LABORATORIES OF MEDICAL CONCEPTS, LTD.
WHEN GODCORP ACQUIRED SPOOT PHARMACEUTICALS IN 1980, THEY IMMEDIATELY WENT TO WORK APPLYING SPOOT'S ADVANCED BIO-TECHNOLOGY.
"THE COGBURNS ARE GENETIC REPLICATIONS OF A GODCORP EMPLOYEE WHO MYSTERIOUSLY RESIGNED AFTER YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE.
HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN...
"EXCEPT THROUGH A MICROSCOPE, AS A SPECIMEN OF D.N.A.

"BUT HIS FACSIMILES ARE EVERYWHERE. GODCORP USES THEM LIKE FREELANCE AGENTS-SHUTTLING THEM ALL OVER THE GLOBE, FROM ONE HOT SPOT TO THE NEXT...
"...UNDER CONDITIONS A MAN WITH ANY REAL SENSE OF SELF-WORTH WOULD REFUSE TO TOLERATE.
"HOQOOM IS PROBABLY CRAWLING WITH THEM.
"NOTICE I SAID 'FACSIMILES!' THEY COULDN'T PRECISELY DUPLICATE THE ORIGINAL.
"THEY WERE ABLE TO IMBUE THE COPIES WITH HIS LOYALTY TO THE COMPANY AND HIS SEVERE ASCETIC TEMPERAMENT...
"EACH COGBURN CARRIES WITHIN IT, THE SEED OF ITS OWN REPLACEMENT!
"WHEN A COGBURN DIES, ITS SPINE TEARS FREE OF ITS BODY...HIDES IN A DARK PLACE...AND GROWS ANOTHER SPINELESS FORM TO WEAR IT!
"NATURALLY, THE COGBURNS THEMSELVES REMAIN IGNORANT OF ALL THIS.
"THE MACHISMO POSTURING, THE OVERBLOWN EGO, AND THE COMPANY MAN MENTALITY ARE ALL ARTIFICIALLY ENCODED IN THE GENES.
"THEY NEVER QUESTION WHAT THE COMPANY TELLS THEM, BECAUSE TO DO SO WOULD THREATEN THEIR SELF-IMAGE.

"...BUT NOT HIS INTELLIGENCE.
"THE COPIES WERE ALWAYS STUPIDER... INCAPABLE OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT...
"...AND MINDLESSLY SELF DESTRUCTIVE.
"THE SCIENTISTS COMPENSATED FOR THOSE DEFICIENCIES BY REDESIGNING THE COGBURNS...IN A QUASI-HUMAN FORM THEY CALLED A PREGNATE.
"SOONER OR LATER, ANY INQUIRY WOULD LEAD THEM TO A DISTURBING TRUTH:
"THAT HUMANS EXIST WHO POSSESS THE CAPACITY TO CREATE SOMETHING NEW--SOMETHING BEYOND A FLAWED REPLICATION OF WHAT'S GONE BEFORE.
"AND THAT WOULD POSE AN EVEN MORE THREATENING QUESTION--BECAUSE THE COGBURNS WERE DESIGNED WITH NO GENITALS.
"A COGBURN ASSUMES EVERYONE IS CONFIGURED THAT WAY, SO IT REMAINS STABLE.
"CONFRONTED WITH THE REALITY... WELL, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A COGBURN'S EGO WERE EVER SERIOUSLY THREATENED."
DAMN I'M GOOD!

WITH THAT GENETIC STRUCTURE... THEY MIGHT UNBIRTH THEMSELVES--
--AND MAYBE TAKE A FEW INNOCENT VICTIMS ALONG JUST FOR GIGGLES.
PARONGUS. THERE IT IS. I SEE THE HANGAR.

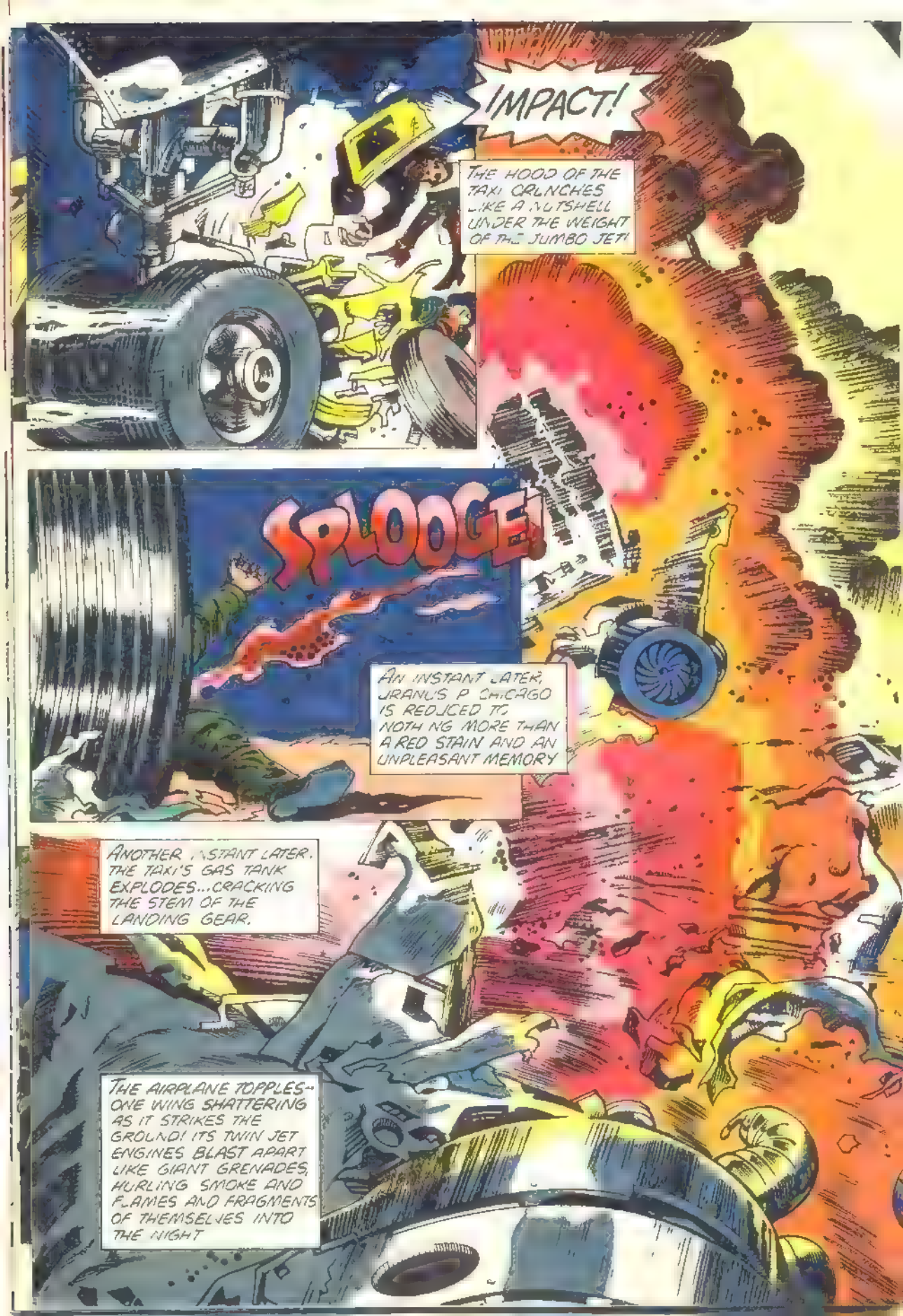
AND THE CONTROL TOWER. AND A PLANE. AND A CHAIN LINK FENCE...
...TOWARD WHICH WE ARE BARRELLING AT AN ALARMING VELOCITY.

KRRAASSH!!
-gnaaagph-
HEY!! WHAT THE FLAMIN' HELL ARE YOU DOING?!?

I ASKED YOU A QUESTION, YA LUNATIC!!
BAM
BAM
ANSWER ME!!

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER, DUCKHEAD!
=QUAAAGHE URANUS P. CHICAGO-!!
YAH, YAH. ENFORCEMENT CONCEPTS HAD ME HANG AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD-IN CASE THE COGBURNS FAILED TO SQUISH THE CHERRY LADY!

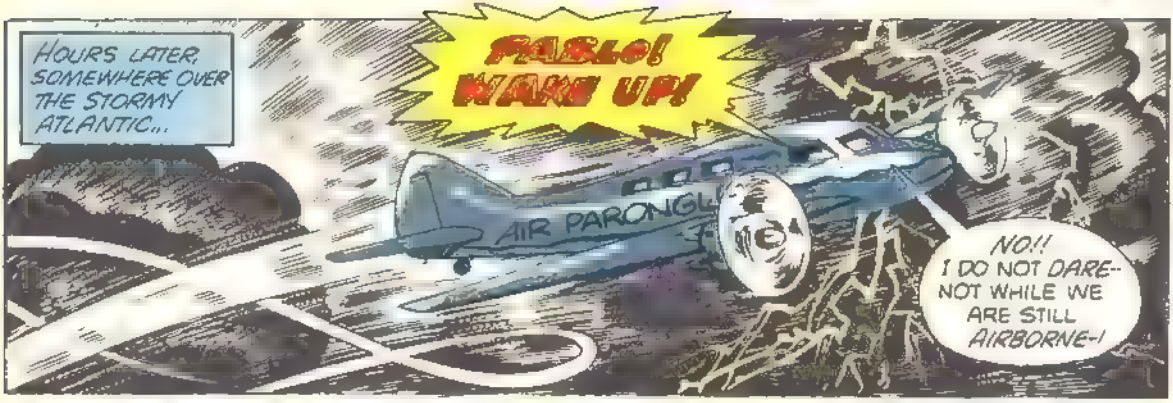
AN' YOU CAN BET YOUR ASS-FEATHERS, I WON'T FAIL!
I'M GONNA RAM US SMACK INTO THE LANDING GEAR OF THAT 747--!
WAK!
BASH!
WE'LL ALL BUY THE FARM TOGETHER--SORT OF LIKE A COMMUNE!
IT'LL BE MY FINAL GESTURE OF LOVE FOR MARIEL HEMINGWAY!
NO USE TRYING TO ESCAPE. YOU'RE TRAPPED.
THE DOORS LOCK ELECTRONICALLY--WITH A LITTLE RED BUTTON ON THE STEERING WHEEL!
KRAKSH!
ONLY I CAN LET YOU OUT, AND I REGRETFULLY DECLINE.
OOH--DAS BOOT.
BUT TOO LATE, CHERRY-LADY! HERE COMES DEATH!!
I GOT 'IM! PRESS THE BUTTON!
DONE! LET'S BLOW!!

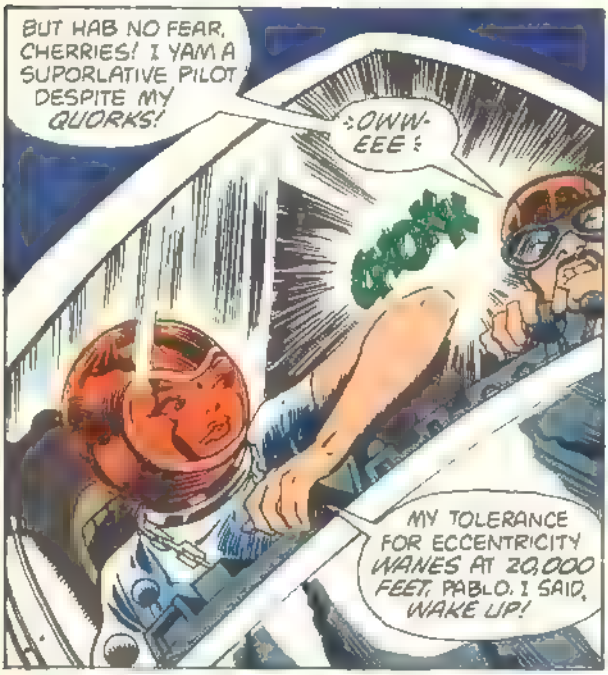

IMPACT!
THE HOOD OF THE TAXI CRUNCHES LIKE A NUTSHELL UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE JUMBO JET!
SPLOOGE!
AN INSTANT LATER, URANUS P. CHICAGO IS REDUCED TO NOTHING MORE THAN A RED STAIN AND AN UNPLEASANT MEMORY
ANOTHER INSTANT LATER. THE TAXI'S GAS TANK EXPLODES...CRACKING THE STEM OF THE LANDING GEAR.
THE AIRPLANE TOPPLES-- ONE WING SHATTERING AS IT STRIKES THE GROUND! ITS TWIN JET ENGINES BLAST APART LIKE GIANT GRENADES, HURLING SMOKE AND FLAMES AND FRAGMENTS OF THEMSELVES INTO THE NIGHT

THE SOUND IS SO LOUD, IT CANNOT BE HEARD-- ONLY FELT, AS THOUGH THE VERY PLANET WERE SHAKING ITSELF TO PIECES.
THEN.. STILLNESS... AND THE CRACKLE OF FLAMES .. AND...
THOR
quaaah-

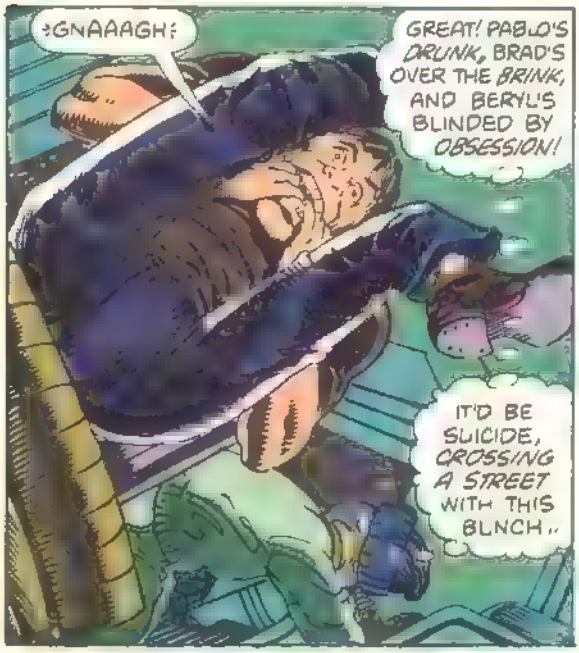
BUT THE WAIL OF SIRENS DROWNS OUT THE DUCK'S PAINED EJACULATION...
I DON'T THINK THEY'VE SPOTTED US YET LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
-HGGNPH-
YEAH... GUESS THE RESCUE CREWS WILL HANDLE THE FIRE.
AIR PARONGUS
PABLO PARONGUS, PROPRIETOR AND PILOT
HOW COME YOUR FAR-FAMED GLANDULAR SECRETIONS FIZZLED WITH URANUS?
SAME REASON THEY RE USELESS AGA NST THE COGBURNS-
-THE ABNORMAL BRAIN CHEMISTRY OF THE PSYCHOTIC.
I FOUND THAT OUT THE HARD WAY-IN THE WASHROOM OF THE REFORMATORY. I--gasp-
THAT'S OUR PILOT-?
A DRUNKEN, CHAIN-SMOKING DWARF?
PABLO--!! NO!!
PAH-HAH-BAH LO-SI!
-URRP-OON' CHAKE ME! PLEASE!
I SPEEL ALL OFER YOU--!
DEAD MEN DON'T THROW UP, PABLO! HOW COULD YOU FORGET OUR APPOINTMENT?
LOOK AT YOU! YOU RE IN NO CONDITION TO FLY!
HAH! CAN'T FLY IN NO OTHER CONDEETION! I'M AFRAID OF FLYING!
NOW KEES ME AND HAPOLOGIZE-OR I MAKE YOU GO STANDBY!
SMOOSH
TH S .S LOOKIN' GR M, VERY GRIM.
WHY COULDN'T SHE HAVE USED HER PHEROMONES ON THE PRESIDENT OF TWA...?

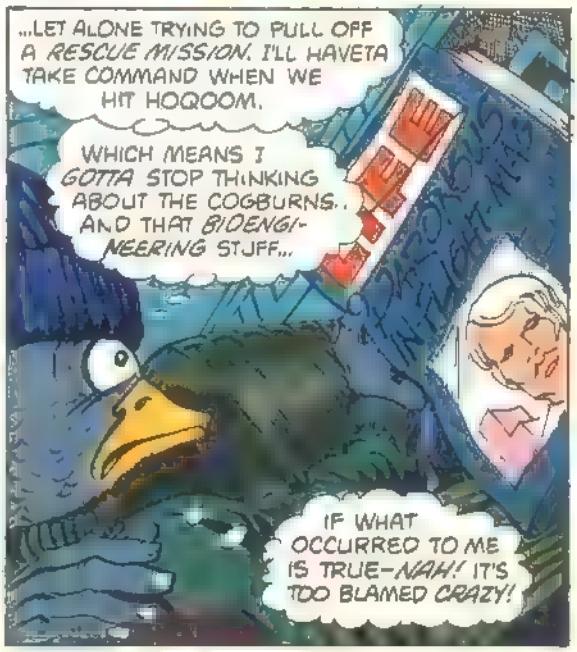
MEANWHILE, IN AN ALPINE CHALET OWNED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST CORPORATION...
THEN GODCORP'S OFFER INTERESTS YOU, GENERAL ABUUK...?
INDEED, MR. UPWIND, BUT IN SUCH A...SENSITIVE TRANSACTION, ONE REQUIRES ASSURANCES.
THE HOQOOM LIBERATION FRONT MUST BE CERTAIN YOUR COMPANY WILL FULFILL ITS END OF THE BARGAIN.
THE FISSIONABLE MATERIALS YOU WISH TO PURCHASE ARE STORED IN A VAULT BENEATH THIS STRUCTURE, GENERAL.
AND OUR ENERGY CONCEPTS, LTD. SUBSIDIARY HAS PREPARED A KIT FOR ASSEMBLING THE DEVICE YOU PLAN TO BUILD.
"DEVICE"--?!
WOBLINA.. SHHH!
BUT WE ALSO NEED ASSURANCES, GENERAL!
THEN OBSERVE! SEREENA!
TATTOOED ON SEREENA'S UNDULATING MIDRIFF IS A 99-YEAR LEASE, GRANTING GODCORP SOLE RIGHT TO DEVELOP HOQOOM'S PETROLEUM RESOURCES.
IS THIS SATISFACTORY, MISTER UPWIND?
I ASSUME SHE WON'T OBJECT TO LYING ACROSS OUR COPYING MACHINE...?
NOR ANYWHERE ELSE, MR. UPWIND. SHE IS YOURS--A GIFT TO SEAL OUR BARGAIN.
AND NOW, I MUST HASTEN HOME...LEST I ARRIVE TOO LATE TO KISS YOUR CUPCAKE...!


HOURS LATER, SOMEWHERE OVER THE STORMY ATLANTIC...
PABLO! WAKE UP!
AIR PARONGL
NO!! I DO NOT DARE-- NOT WHILE WE ARE STILL AIRBORNE-!


BUT HAB NO FEAR, CHERRIES! I YAM A SUPORLATIVE PILOT DESPITE MY QUORKS!
:OWW-EEE:
MY TOLERANCE FOR ECCENTRICITY WANES AT 20,000 FEET, PABLO. I SAID, WAKE UP!

WE GOT PROBLEMS, LADY. WITH REFUELING STOPS IN THE AZORES, MOROCCO AND TUNISIA, WE'LL MAKE HOQOOM IN 37 HOURS...
..ROUGHLY 13 HOURS AFTER YOUR SISTER'S JET!
CAN'T BE HELPED. THE ALTERNATIVE WAS TO TRUST A CORPORATE AIRLINE...!

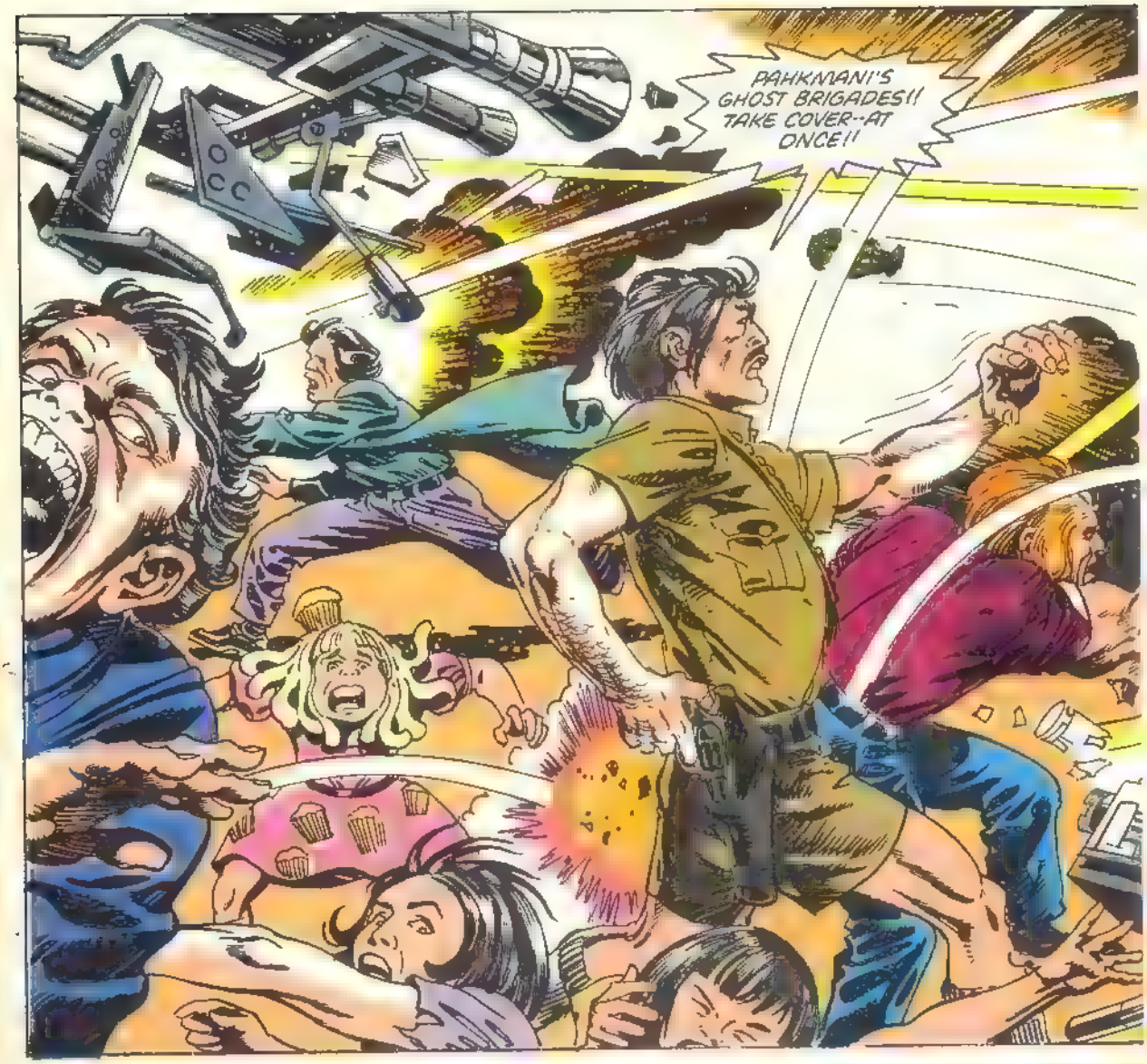

:GNAAAGH:
GREAT! PABLO'S DRUNK, BRAD'S OVER THE BRINK, AND BERYL'S BLINDED BY OBSESSION!
IT'D BE SUICIDE, CROSSING A STREET WITH THIS BUNCH..


...LET ALONE TRYING TO PULL OFF A RESCUE MISSION. I'LL HAVETA TAKE COMMAND WHEN WE HIT HOQOOM.
WHICH MEANS I GOTTA STOP THINKING ABOUT THE COGBURNS.. AND THAT BIOENGINEERING STUFF...
IF WHAT OCCURRED TO ME IS TRUE--NAH! IT'S TOO BLAMED CRAZY!

LOWER MANHATTAN: THE SLEEK BLACK LAWMOBILE OF DESTROYER LAWYER HOLMES PAYS A CALL AT THE BOWERY HILLS HOTEL...!
THINK, QUENTIN! WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE DUKE..?
:HIC: GIMME A BREAK, MAC..I AIN'T SEEN NUTTIN' CLEARY--FER YEARS!
OTEL
BUT THIS IS URGENT! HE COULD BE IN VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE!
SO'S EV'RYBODY IN THIS FLEABAG, PAL. IF DEY WUZN'T DEY'D BE AT DA SHERRY NEDERLAND. I JUST :HIC: FIGGERED DUKE CHECKED OUT!
I GAVE IS BED TA BAD BORIS DA MAD RUSSKI!..IT WOULDN'A BEEN HEALTHY TO TOIN 'IM DOWN...!
THIS ISN'T GOOD! THERE'S BEEN NO WORD FROM DUKE SINCE GODCORP'S LAST ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE...
..ALMOST TWO DAYS AGO!
ALL I'VE GOT TO GO ON IS THAT STORY IN THE PAPERS-ABOUT A STREETFIGHT BETWEEN MEDEA SOUVLAKIS AND A SHORT PERSON IN A DUCK MASK.
I WONDER IF.. GREAT FLAMING TORTS! THE TEMP GAUGE! THE LAWMOBILE'S BEEN--
"SABOTAGED!!"
KABOOOM!!
NO FURTHER QUESTIONS-SUCKER!

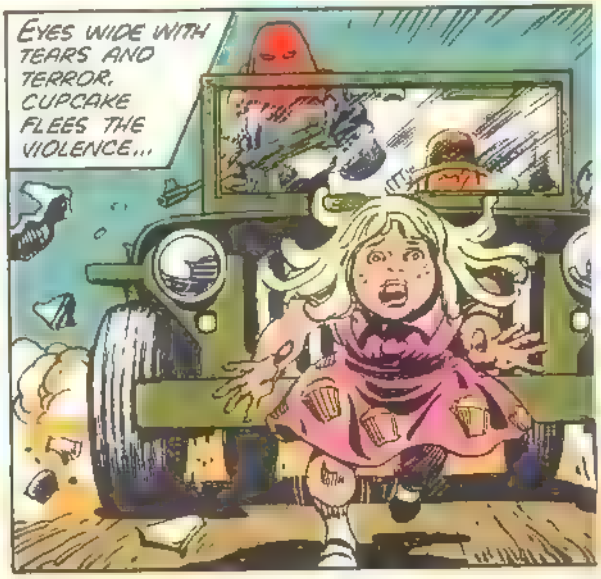
AS THE EXPLODING LAWNMOBILE ILLUMINATES THE BOWERY MIDNIGHT, DAWN BREAKS OVER HOQQOM
A SPLENDOR OF GREETINGS, GENERAL. ALL GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN! VANILLA CUP-CAKE HAS DEPARTED THE U.S.
--AND S DUE TO ARR VE AT HOQQOM AIRPORT IN TWO HOURS.
EXCELLENT, ASHMET! AND WHAT OF THE ABOMINABLE PAHKMANI? HAS HIS VILE TONGUE YET ADDRESSED THE MATTER?
INDEED--IN A SPEECH ON NATIONAL TELEVISION! THE TYRANT DECR ED THE BLASPHEMY OF SCENTED TOYS AND DOLLS IN THE CHILD'S IMAGE!
GOOD. HE IS IRRIGATING HIS PANTS.
HE CALLED HER "SATAN'S MALODOROUS DAUGHTER"--AND MADE THREATS UPON HER LIFE!
IN SO AGITATED A STATE, HE S BOUND TO MAKE MISTAKES...
CORRECT, ASHMET AND PERHAPS WE SHALL LET HIM.
Grab it all Own it all Drain it all
IF HE WERE TO ASSASSINATE THE CHILD, HE WOULD BE IMPALED ON THE PIKE OF WORLD OPINION...!
SO HOW'D YOUR MEETING GO WITH MR UPWIND, GENERAL..?
COGBURN!! ALIVE--?!?
I'M GOOD
DEAD, I'M NOT MUCH USE TO THE COMPANY--AND YOU NEED THE COMPANY, GENERAL
SO TELL THE BOYS TO LOWER THEIR RIFLES, HUH? WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME TEAM.
HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH, ASHMET. TOMORROW EVENING, GODCORP WILLING, WE SHALL HAVE AN A-BOMB IN OUR ARSENAL
WE DO NEED HIS EMPLOYERS... UNTIL THEN.

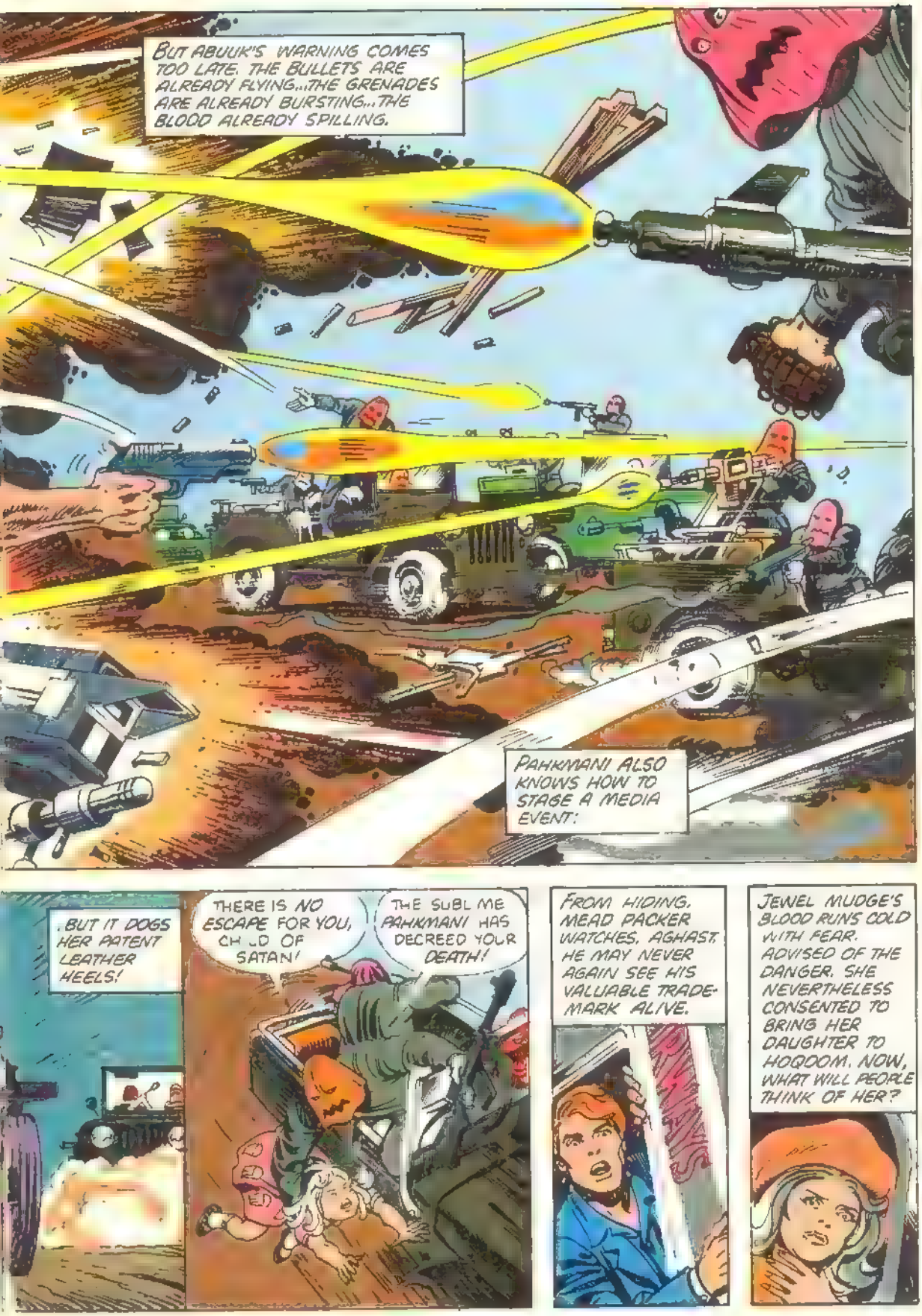
I'M NOT STUPID, GENERAL. JUST WIPE THE SNEER OFF YOUR FACE-ALONG WITH THEM WHISKERS.
OF COURSE. YOU'RE TO PROTECT YOUR COMPANY'S INVESTMENT
WE GOTTA CONSIDER CUPCAKE'S DELICATE SKIN--GET ME?
:SKRATCH SKRATCH!
TWO HOURS LATER: A CLEAN-SHAVEN GENERAL ABUUK...THE HOQOOM LIBERATION FRONT BAND...AND A PRE-SELECTED CONTINGENT OF SHOELESS HOQOOMITE CHILDREN PARTICIPATE IN THE TINY NATION'S FIRST MEDIA EVENT.
REPORTERS FROM THIRTY NATIONS LAP UP THE SIMPLE, YET TOUCHING PROCEEDINGS ON FILM AND VIDEO TAPE.
WE BRING YOU DESERT FLOWERS, VANILLA CUPCAKE! WE LOVE YOU!
HOQOOM INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS
GOLLY-WOGS!! I'M SO HAPPY TO BE HERE. I LOVE YOU, TOO!
GENERAL ABUUK, HERE'S A BIG KISS-FULL OF FRIENDSHIP WITH ICING ON TOP-FROM AMERICA TO GOOD OLD HOQOOM!
WHY, THANK YOU, VANIL--
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
WHAT'S THAT..?
I KNEW IT.. I KNEW IT...!!

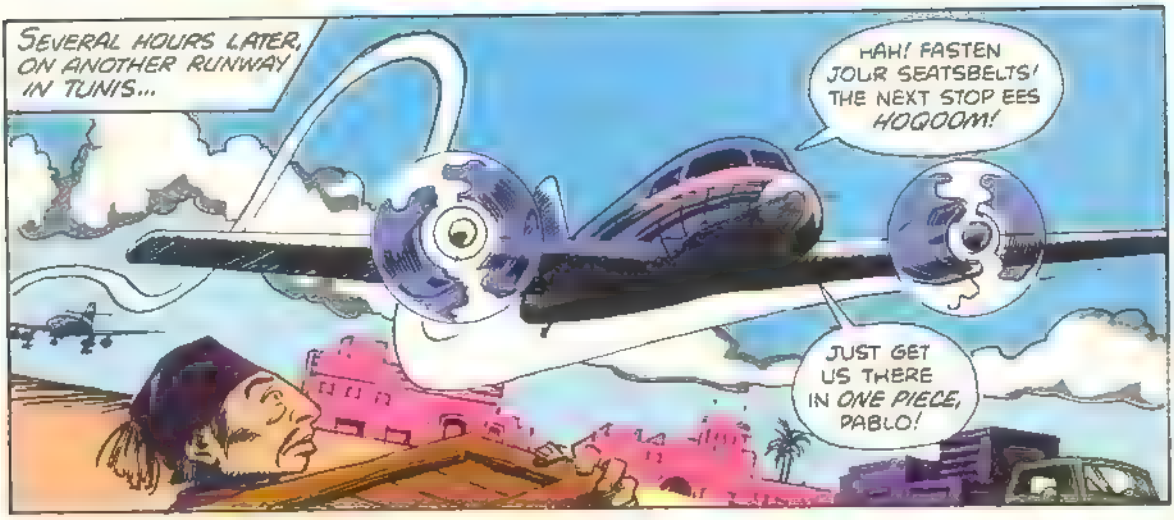

PAHKMANI'S GHOST BRIGADES!! TAKE COVER--AT ONCE!!

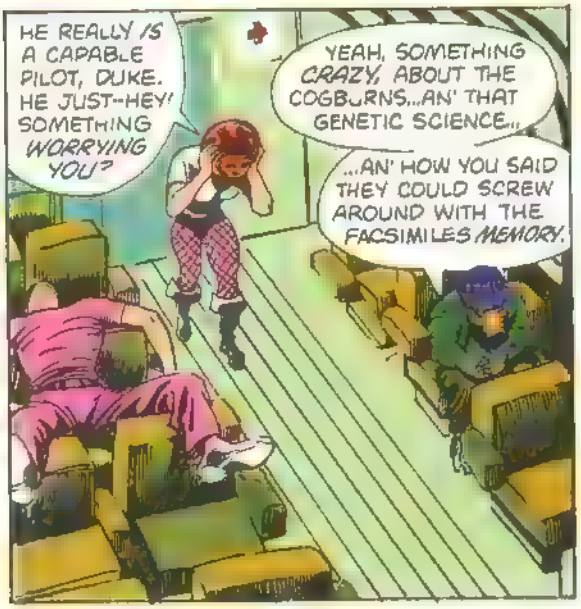
ABUUK IS AMONG THE FIRST TO FALL, SWEARING VENGEANCE EVEN AS A BULLET CREASES HIS SKULL.

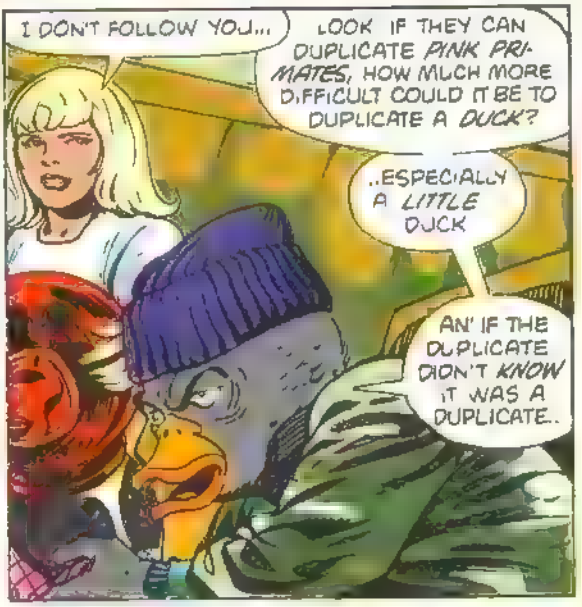
THE COGBURN FOLLOWS SUIT--BUT HIS OATH CATCHES ON THE BULLET IN HIS THROAT.

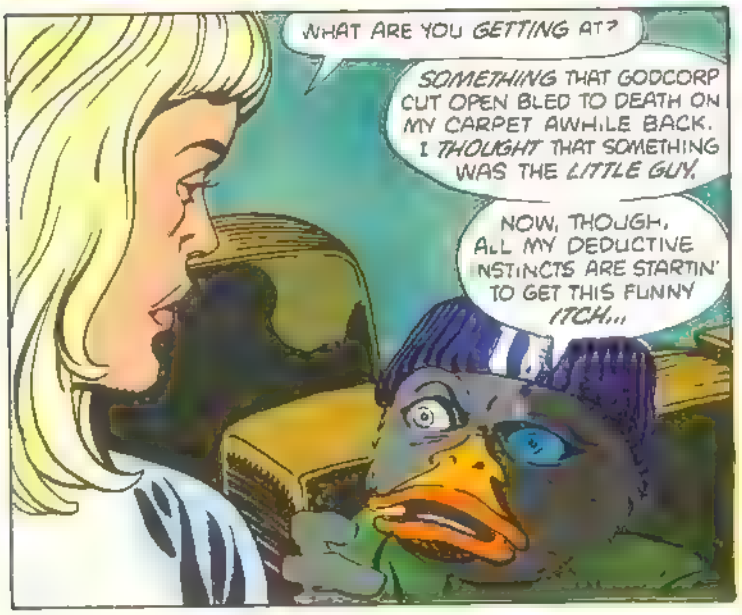

EYES WIDE WITH TEARS AND TERROR, CUPCAKE FLEES THE VIOLENCE...


BUT ABUUK'S WARNING COMES TOO LATE. THE BULLETS ARE ALREADY FLYING...THE GRENADES ARE ALREADY BURSTING...THE BLOOD ALREADY SPILLING.
PAHKMANI ALSO KNOWS HOW TO STAGE A MEDIA EVENT:
...BUT IT DOGS HER PATENT LEATHER HEELS!
THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR YOU, CHILD OF SATAN!
THE SUBLIME PAHKMANI HAS DECREED YOUR DEATH!
FROM HIDING, MEAD PACKER WATCHES, AGHAST. HE MAY NEVER AGAIN SEE HIS VALUABLE TRADEMARK ALIVE.
JEWEL MUDGE'S BLOOD RUNS COLD WITH FEAR. ADVISED OF THE DANGER, SHE NEVERTHELESS CONSENTED TO BRING HER DAUGHTER TO HOQOOM. NOW, WHAT WILL PEOPLE THINK OF HER?

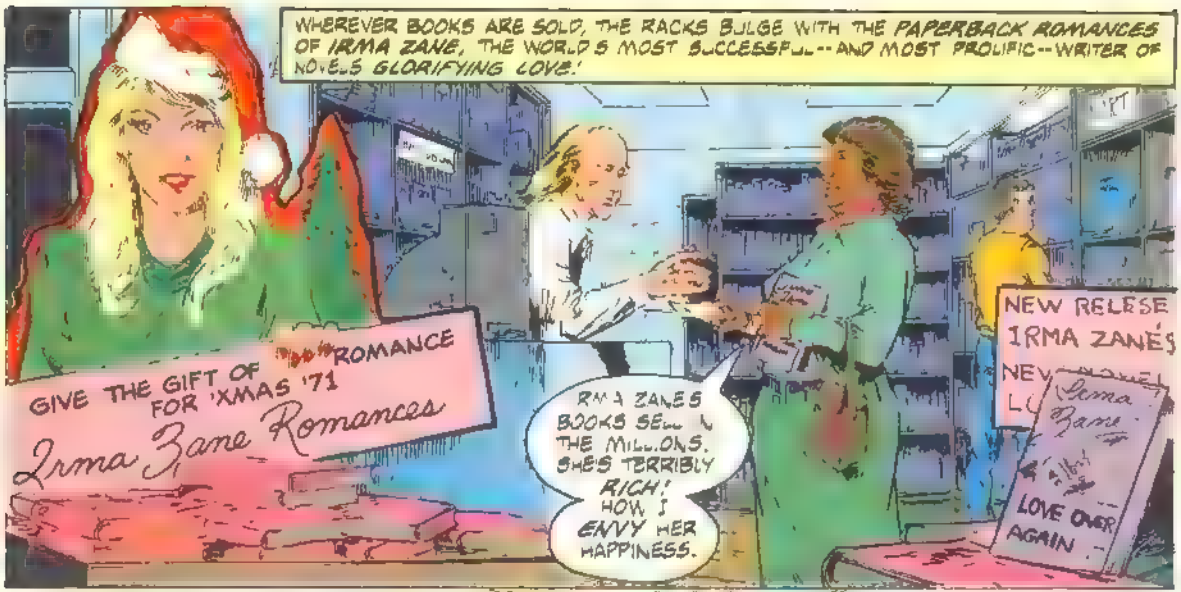

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, ON ANOTHER RUNWAY IN TUNIS...
HAH! FASTEN YOUR SEATSBELTS! THE NEXT STOP EES HOQOOM!
JUST GET US THERE IN ONE PIECE, PABLO!


HE REALLY IS A CAPABLE PILOT, DUKE. HE JUST--HEY! SOMETHING WORRYING YOU?
YEAH, SOMETHING CRAZY, ABOUT THE COGBURNS...AN' THAT GENETIC SCIENCE...
...AN' HOW YOU SAID THEY COULD SCREW AROUND WITH THE FACSIMILES MEMORY.


I DON'T FOLLOW YOU...
LOOK IF THEY CAN DUPLICATE PINK PRIMATES, HOW MUCH MORE DIFFICULT COULD IT BE TO DUPLICATE A DUCK?
..ESPECIALLY A LITTLE DUCK
AN' IF THE DUPLICATE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A DUPLICATE..


WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?
SOMETHING THAT GODCORP CUT OPEN BLED TO DEATH ON MY CARPET AWHILE BACK. I THOUGHT THAT SOMETHING WAS THE LITTLE GUY.
NOW, THOUGH, ALL MY DEDUCTIVE INSTINCTS ARE STARTIN' TO GET THIS FUNNY ITCH...

WHAT IF THE LITTLE GUY IS...ALIVE??
NEXT ISSUE:
THE ASTONISHING
—CONCLUSION—
DESTROYER OF WORLDS!


WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD, THE RACKS BULGE WITH THE PAPERBACK ROMANCES OF IRMA ZANE, THE WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL--AND MOST PROLIFIC--WRITER OF NOVELS GLORIFYING LOVE!
GIVE THE GIFT OF ROMANCE FOR 'XMAS '71
Irma Zane Romances
IRMA ZANE'S BOOKS SELL IN THE MILLIONS. SHE'S TERRIBLY RICH! HOW I ENVY HER HAPPINESS.
NEW RELEASE
IRMA ZANE'S
Irma Zane
LOVE OVER AGAIN

CREATED AND WRITTEN BY
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THE STARLING™

CHAPTER III

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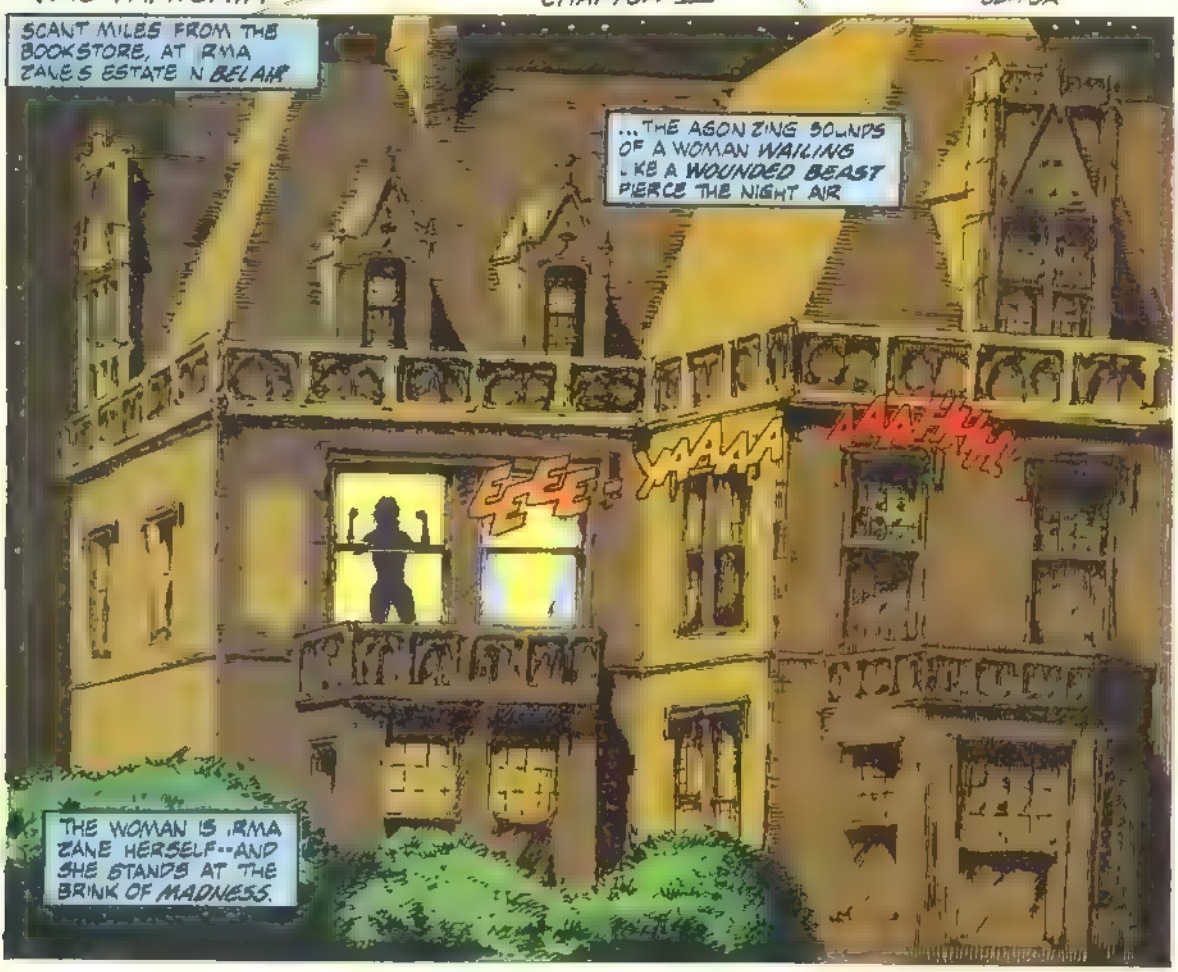
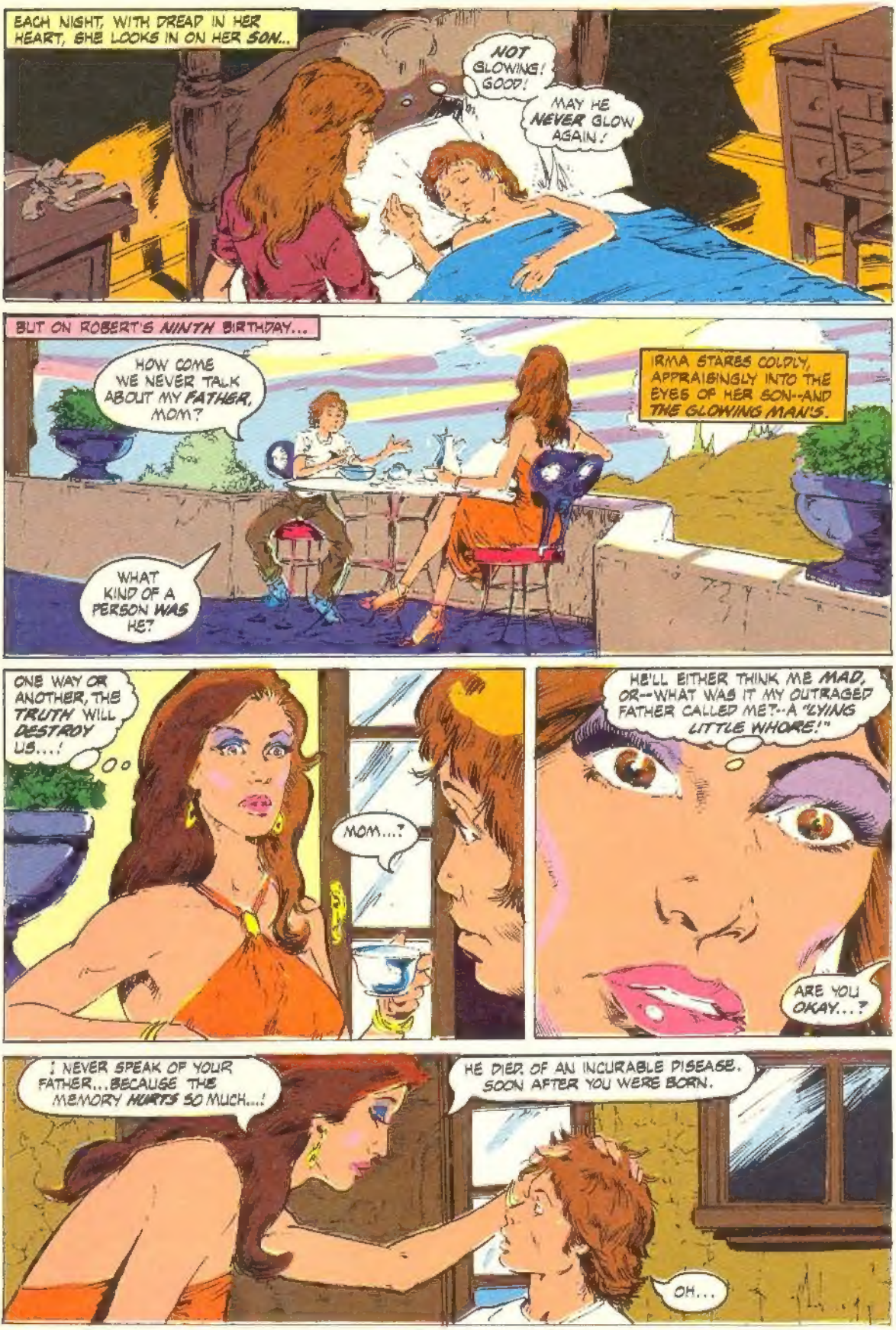

SCANT MILES FROM THE BOOKSTORE, AT IRMA ZANE'S ESTATE IN BEL AIR
...THE AGONIZING SOUNDS OF A WOMAN WAILING LIKE A WOUNDED BEAST PIERCE THE NIGHT AIR
AAAHH
THE WOMAN IS IRMA ZANE HERSELF--AND SHE STANDS AT THE BRINK OF MADNESS.

EARLY NEXT MORNING, IN THE GLOSSY OFFICE OF RMA'S PSYCHIATRIST.
TELL ME AGAIN...
THAT INCREDIBLY HANDSOME, GLOWING ALIEN! HE SAVED ME FROM WOULD-BE RAPISTS! THEN...
"I GAVE MYSELF TO HIM--BODY-AND-SOUL! STUPIDLY--STUPIDLY!!
HE TOOK ME, AND THEN ABANDONED ME. HE RETURNED TO THE STARS AND LEFT ME HERE ON EARTH--IN MY OWN PRIVATE HELL!
"YOU SEE, OUR 'GLORIOUS' UNION SPAWNED A SON--AND ONE AWFUL NIGHT, A YEAR AGO, HE GLOWED JUST LIKE HIS FATHER! IT HASN'T HAPPENED AGAIN SINCE THEN, BUT..."

...BUT WHAT IF IT DOES?!
WHAT IF ROBERT IS SOMETHING INHUMAN -- LIKE HIS ALIEN SEX FIEND OF A FATHER?!
CALM YOURSELF!
I--I... TRY... BUT THE TERROR... THE ANGER THAT BESIEGES ME WHENEVER I REMEMBER...!
I CAN'T... ALWAYS... C-CONTROL...!
LIE DOWN. I'LL GET YOU SOME PILLS!
A SCHIZOPHRENIC PSYCHOSIS, IF EVER THERE WAS ONE!
AT LEAST IT'S A HARMLESS DELUSION -- AS LONG AS HER OUTBURSTS AREN'T DIRECTED AGAINST THE CHILD.
BETTER ..?
A LITTLE BUT.. I KEEP WONDERING DOCTOR... IF ROBERT SLOWS AGAIN, WHAT WILL HAPPEN -- TO HIM?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
WHAT I THINK DOESN'T MATTER, IRMA. IT'S YOUR THOUGHTS, YOUR FEELINGS THAT WE'RE CONCERNED WITH.
OUR TIME IS UP FOR TODAY. LEAVE YOUR CHECK WITH THE RECEPTIONIST.

AS THE YEARS GO BY, IRMA WITHDRAWS FROM THE PAIN OF REALITY INTO HER WORK, COMPULSIVELY POURING OUT ROMANCES...
...AND, INADVERTENTLY, POURING MORE AND MORE OF HERSELF INTO THEM.
DUNSTAN'S TOUCH WAS THRILLING, ALMOST UNEARTHLY SO, UPON HER SILKEN FLESH..."
WITH THE WRITING OF EACH HAPPY ENDING, SHE LOATHES HERSELF AND HER LONELY LIFE A LITTLE MORE...
YOU THERE FOOL! WHERE'S YOUR LOVER?
YOU MISS YOUR GLOWING ALIEN, DON'T YOU? HIS ARMS, HIS LIPS, HIS...
PLEASE, PLEASE GOD!
SEND HIM BACK TO ME
HAAA
HAAA


EACH NIGHT, WITH DREAD IN HER HEART, SHE LOOKS IN ON HER SON...
NOT GLOWING! GOOD!
MAY HE NEVER GLOW AGAIN!
BUT ON ROBERT'S NINTH BIRTHDAY...
HOW COME WE NEVER TALK ABOUT MY FATHER, MOM?
IRMA STARES COLDLY, APPRAISINGLY INTO THE EYES OF HER SON--AND THE GLOWING MAN'S.
WHAT KIND OF A PERSON WAS HE?
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THE TRUTH WILL DESTROY US...!
MOM...?
HE'LL EITHER THINK ME MAD, OR--WHAT WAS IT MY OUTRAGED FATHER CALLED ME?--A "LYING LITTLE WHORE!"
ARE YOU OKAY...?
I NEVER SPEAK OF YOUR FATHER...BECAUSE THE MEMORY HURTS SO MUCH...!
HE DIED OF AN INCURABLE DISEASE, SOON AFTER YOU WERE BORN.
OH...

...BUT WHAT WAS HE *LIKE*? DON'T YOU EVEN HAVE A *PICTURE*?
NO. I... THREW THEM AWAY.
BUT I CAN SEE HIM *SOMETIMES*... WHEN I LOOK AT *YOU*.

YEAH, BUT WHAT WAS HE *LIKE*? WAS HE A *NICE* MAN?
HE WAS THE DEVIL INCARNATE!
ASK ME ANOTHER TIME, ROBERT... NOT NOW.

TWO YEARS LATER...
THANKS FOR *CAVE-CRAWLING* WITH ME! I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE IT MUCH...!
YOU'RE WRONG, ROBERT... I DON'T LIKE IT *AT ALL*!

BUT I'M *NOT* ABOUT TO LET YOU SLITHER AROUND *ALONE* IN HERE...

THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY...
MOM!! SOMETHIN'S WRONG! I'M GLOWIN'!!
OH, NO! OH, DEAR GOD-- *NO*!!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!
FOLLOW ME BACK OUTSIDE, ROBERT! I'LL EXPLAIN... AS BEST I CAN...!
SOON, OUT IN THE OPEN...
IT'S STOPPED. THANK GOD.
BUT WHAT WAS IT? AM I RADIOACTIVE? WILL I...DIE?
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED --THE LIES CAN'T SAVE US, EITHER. NOTHING CAN.
WE'RE DOOMED. THE TWO OF US--AND HE MAY AS WELL KNOW IT.
THE GLOWING IS YOUR LEGACY FROM YOUR FATHER!
HE WASN'T AN ORDINARY MAN, ROBERT. I LIED TO YOU. YOU'RE THE SON OF AN ALIEN WHO HAS INHUMAN ABILITIES...!
"ALMOST TWELVE YEARS AGO, HE CAME OUT OF THE SKY IN A STRANGE CRAFT--AND SAVED ME FROM BEING RAPED.
"AND THEN... THEN..."

...THEN, HE AND I MADE PHYSICAL, SOULFUL LOVE! IT WAS...BEAUTIFUL...
HE WENT AWAY. NEVER RETURNED.
YOU GREW INSIDE ME! I GAVE BIRTH TO YOU!
HIS BODY GLOWED, ROBERT--GLOWED LIKE THE SUN! NOW YOU GLOWED, TOO!
ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?
NO, IT'S NOT WONDERFUL--IT'S WEIRD!
SOMETHIN' IN THAT CAVE MADE ME GLOW! WHY ARE YOU MAKIN' UP STORIES?
ARE YOU CALLING YOUR MOTHER A LIAR--?!?
ARE YOU --YOU ALIEN BASTARD?!
(GASP!) MOM-- YOU'RE CHOKIN' ME--!!
OH, GOD!... DEAR GOD!...I'M GOING MAD...
ROBERT--I'M SORRY! YOU'RE RIGHT!
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN RADIATION IN THAT CAVE! IT AFFECTED ME STRANGELY, TOO!
UNDERSTAND...?
THE MADNESS AND THE ECSTASY OF THE STARLINS HAS BARELY BEGUN! DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE!